

Wichita Daily Eagle

WOMAN'S NEW POSITION.

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE IN HER POSITION TOWARD MANKIND?

Woman the Last and Highest Achievement of Creation—Lilith and Her Daughters—Woman as Man Regards Her and Woman as She Means to Be.

The fly on the coach wheel said, How fast we do travel! And just about as much as the fly regulated the speed of the coach, so much do we control and regulate the speed of the world.

Of course ever so many of us imagine ourselves the deus ex machina, and fancy that if we were eliminated from the affair, the coach must either stop or be shunted off the crown of the highway where we keep it. But then, others, looking at the matter more philosophically, perceive that through the few thousands of years of which alone we know anything at all the world has gone methodically on, carrying out some system of which we know very little indeed, the earth producing her treasures, such as gold, iron, coal, water, oil, just at the time the previous supply of material is spent, and not at all in answer to man's demand or greed.

We see, too, how the race of man has gradually developed from perhaps the laborer, perhaps only the clay devouring savage, to its present condition, which, let us most devoutly hope, is not its final perfection; and we see, which is just now what we want to consider, the curious development of woman's place in the scale of existence, and of her relation toward man. Taking for a moment the biblical account of the creation, we perceive that it proceeded, perhaps by evolution, perhaps otherwise, from the lowest forms to the highest, man coming after the beasts, and woman after man, thus placing her at the crown and summit of creation.

Perhaps it sounds a little arrogant for a woman to say that this eminence is actually woman's proper position, but I think few men will deny that "a perfect woman nobly planned" is the highest work of creative power from more than one point of view, if not from all; and when one considers the development of woman in these latter years, and perceives that the progress of that development is rather accelerating than diminishing, one clings closer to the coach wheel, and wonders where in life it is taking us to!

Of course we all know that woman has not always stood at the head of creation. That proud eminence has hitherto been claimed by man, and woman is to be had not only of creation, but of woman also, and woman has more or less meekly and more or less consistently allowed the claim.

There is a pretty legend in the Talmud that when Adam was created a woman was also made, and named Lilith; she was of such beauty, grace and charm as has never since been seen upon the earth, and being independently created, had as much power and regnant authority as her mate. The consequence, says the Talmud, was more than a little unpleasant in the paradisaical household. Adam laid down the law, and Lilith sorely capped it with another, which she claimed was just as valid as his; and we can well imagine that Lilith's tongue and wit were just as much more nimble than Adam's as yours, dear, are than your husband's today.

The consequence was that Adam, finding his life not worth the living, appealed to Allah for relief, and with better result than many husbands obtain nowadays, for it was then that the deep sleep came upon him, and the rib extracted from his side was fashioned into a woman, who, being derived from man, was subject and obedient unto him, and, as Adam declared, was the helpmeet he had failed to find in Lilith.

That young woman, disgusted with the introduction of a rival, went away and set up a paradise of her own, and from her miraculously sprung a race of glorious but rebellious beings, a sort of wifes or jins, who ever since have claimed the earth for their own and constantly amused themselves with tempting and dominating over the sons of Eve and thwarting and annoying her daughters.

And the reason I have told this long story just here is because I am dead sure that the daughters of Lilith, like the wandering tribes of Israel, have strayed across the sea, and are claiming the New World as their especial domain.

This accounts for a great deal besides the milk in the cocoon; it accounts for the aggressive and independent stand assumed by woman during the last half of this century; it accounts for the mingled admiration and indignation with which men regard her new demands; it accounts, above all, for the disagreeable things the women who ever since have wanted to vote say about those who do it. It is the old warfare of the daughters of Eve against the daughters of Lilith, and with a little consideration one may divide all the women of one's acquaintance into three classes—Liliths, Eves, and a third estate so mixed in their heredity that they side with first one, and then the other, and then with both, and then with neither of the more positive schools of thought and purpose. I am afraid I am a Lilith, for I never have been able to train myself into that meek and mild admiration of man as a master that Eve and her daughters so sweetly exhibit, and the future of woman seems to me to largely embrace the future of the world and of mankind.

So long as Lilith and her daughters remained in their eastern solitudes no Stanley has yet explored, the daughters of Eve occupied the stage of the world's drama, and both history and tradition show the part they played.

The slaves sometimes of man's passion, sometimes of his intolerance, they toiled for their savage lords, performing menial labor while he hunted or fought; prepared his food and ate the morsels tossed to them over his shoulder; bore children, yet on pain of death must not punish a son; lived in less honor than a horse or camel, and died less regretted; then, in days of chivalry, they rose to be pampered and flattered objects of an unreal devotion, did embroidery, listened to birds singing in the cities of love and combat, flirted with the page of the chaplain, and became bitter prudes and bigots in their old age; later on, they scheme to outvie each other in the games of a grand monarch, or a Charles

II, or they marry 'country squires and "snacks fools and chronicle small beer" until their drowsy death. But it is ungracious to pursue this retrospect of what woman's crisis has been in the past, for we must change our color and woman in the present and in the future is a far fairer sight.

But man, like the fly upon the wheel of time, feels the movement, dimly perceives the progress, and cannot for the life of him understand what the power, or how to control it. Steam he knows all about; electricity he is grappling with pretty successfully; the odic force he talks about with more or less intelligence, but what sort of force or power moves this coach wheel, which he dimly perceives he does not move, only rides upon!

Well, giving up the problem, he says there isn't any power at all, it just goes nobody knows how, and for his part he is not going to attend to any such nonsense; woman is what she always has been, the adjunct of man, the feeble, less responsible half of his own existence, whom he is bound to control, to educate, to protect and to patronize. While she is young and pretty he will make love to her, and if she resists his pursuit he will probably want her very much indeed, and say a great deal about her perfection and merits; having obtained her—and in parenthesis the man remarks that she generally is as glad to be caught as he is to catch her—the man's duty is to treat her kindly, but not to let her suppose she can manage her own life, much less his; hasn't she promised to love, honor and obey, and does she fancy he isn't going to expect the whole bond?

He doesn't expect her to know or care about his business; if he is a business man, she couldn't understand, and her opinion wouldn't be worth taking; if he is a lawyer, he takes good care not to tell her anything about his cases, because, you know, women can't keep a secret, and invariably put on their bonnets and run over to Mrs. So-and-so's to retail every bit of gossip they can pick up; besides, a woman has no idea of law, logic, equity or precedent. If he is a clergyman, he has a fine time, for he preaches her with St. Paul, and excommunicates, "Wives, be obedient to your own husbands," in a fine chest tone.

Altogether man is quite sure that he knows all about woman and is perfectly competent to guide and govern her, along with the children, etc. But this new departure, what is it to be done about it? First, he peevishly mutters, "Nonsense! Don't be silly! Go get a new bonnet if you want it, but don't talk like a fool!"

This doesn't quite seem to quiet the commotion, and he waxes wifely about "long haired men and short haired women," and asks his wife, or daughter, or sister, if she is going to order the nether garments of his tailor or buy them ready made.

Even this withering sarcasm doesn't altogether nip the pestilent growth of this stem of rebellion, and then the shrewd kind of man tries to identify himself with the new order, and is magnanimous and kind and patronizing to Lilith, and holds out his hand, saying: "Come, then, I'll help you up to the saddle right in front of me, and you shall manage the snaffle rein, and I'll hold the curb and keep the whip."

To this proposition Lilith replies, in effect, that man is quite welcome to ride his own horse after his own fashion, and she shall not interfere so long as he does not obstruct her path, but that she is herself well mounted, and feels quite able to manage snaffle, curb, whip and spur; she is every whit as desirous to ride alongside of her comrade man as he is the most amicable spirit; she sees that they are both bound to the same goal, and she grants that each can make the road pleasant and easy profitable for the other, but she insists upon it that her steed Progress is quite as valuable as his nag Precedent, and if he will not allow her room to ride by his side she shall certainly push for the front, and may unfortunately crowd him to the wall as she passes.

At all events, she does not propose to be crowded to the wall herself, nor does she intend to ride any longer upon precedent, either behind or before man; she is daughter of Lilith, equal in every way to Adam, although in a different direction; she does not claim to govern or direct him, nor does she mean to let him govern or direct her. That sort of thing does very well for the daughter of Eve, that poor creature who could not resist the blandishments of Satan, and the desire for forbidden fruit, and who having got herself into a scrape, dragged Adam into it after her. But, I say, Lilith, ain't you a match for Satan and his pimps, and ain't brave enough to fight my own battles and bear my own penalties. All I ask is that man should treat me as well as I treat him, or as he treats his brother man.

There lies the question. Will man, as man can see that a new condition of affairs obliges him to adopt a new attitude? The good steed Progress is bearing woman to the front; will he draw Precedent aside and make room for the two may ride on together, true and faithful couragers, or will he insist that she run at his stirrup, sit cozily upon a pillion at his back, or perch precariously in front and guide the snaffle rein?

One thing is sure and certain, the old order of the world is changing and a new order is coming in; nor can the will of one man or all the men in the world, nor of all the women in the bargain, retard, or accelerate, or alter the course of that great change. The only thing we, both men and women, can do is to adapt ourselves to it. Let the women open wide their eyes to the new sphere of action opening before them; let them emancipate themselves in the best meaning of the word from the swaddling bands and chains of roses that have fettered their limbs hitherto; let them in their own persons and in their daughters, seek to know what is going on in the world, and form opinions upon such matters as independently of men as of each other. Let them cultivate the manifold virtues of justice, honor, courage, self command, while not letting go their own birthright of tenderness, patience, faith, self devotion.

Oh, what a noble creature the woman of the future may be if only to the glorious strength and freedom of Lilith she can add the feminine charm of Eve!

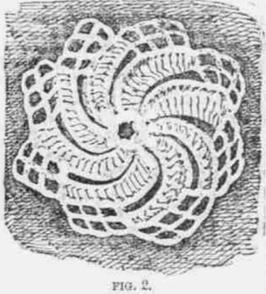
Her Hand Sealed

HOME ART WORK.

Bureau Cover, with Crocheted Medallions, Illustrated and Described. [Copyright, 1890.] The article illustrated can be used for a table cover or as an ornamental scarf to drape on a chair, picture or mantel corner, or for any of the various uses to which aesthetically inclined housekeepers can put soft, decorative scarfs.



A yard and a half of old rose surah or India silk is used for the scarf, which may be of the full width of the silk if the latter is narrow. If the silk is too wide for the purpose and has to be cut, a hem an inch wide must be taken on each side. On a scarf made of a full width the selvages will be finished enough. The ends are raveled out for four or five inches to form a fringe, of which the upper part may be tied in knots, as shown in cut, to make a netted heading. If it is more desirable the ends may be hemmed with a deep hem, and a rich fringe of sewing silk sewed on with the narrow braid that forms its upper edge concealed under the hem.



In the second plate is shown the crocheted medallion which forms the decoration of the scarf. Its firm edge has much the effect of needle worked buttonholing, and can be hemmed down upon the silk with ordinary hemming stitches taken very closely, or it may be buttonholing down with far apart stitches. In either case the medallion should be first pressed with an iron hot but enough to impair the color and then basted very smoothly upon the material. After they are sewed on the fabric under each medallion is cut away, leaving them transparent. They should be worked of silk the color of the scarf, or they and the sewing silk fringe can be of white silk and the scarf pale yellow or blue.

To make a medallion, work a chain of six and join in a ring. Then work eight chain, turn and work seventeen double crochets over the eight chain, crowding them closely together; make one single crochet into the ring, turn, work eight chain, one double crochet in the eighth double, one double in the sixteenth double, two chain, one double in the thirteenth double, two chain, one double in the fifteenth double, two chain, one double in the last double, turn, five chain, one double in next double, two chain, in last row of two chain, one double in each of the next double, do this twice; sixteen double crochets over the eight chain for one single crochet in ring.

Repeat from start to start till there are eight spokes in the wheel, carry the thread up by drawing it through the top loops on the last spoke, and at the top work the two rows of double crochet, with two chain between, that has been worked on the point of every other spoke, pulling the thread through a stitch of the next spoke to join them together. Before making a silk medallion, experiment with crochet cotton. By following the directions the wheel is easy to make.

Mrs. M. C. HUNTER, FORD.

Law for Women. The Woman's Journal lately printed a complete summary of the laws of every state and territory so far as they relate to a woman's right to vote in any civil capacity. The work was prepared under the supervision of Professor W. T. Harris, national superintendent of education. From this report it appears that women taxpayers have full suffrage in Montana. They have school suffrage, with or without certain limitations as to property, widowhood, etc., in all the other states and territories, except the following, twenty in all: Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Nevada, North Carolina, South Carolina, Ohio, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia, Alaska, Indian Territory, New Mexico and Utah.

A Drug Dealer's Love Potions. A lady very heavily veiled entered a Seventh street drug store and said, behind her mask of impenetrable black: "I wish to get some love medicine."

"Great Care!" thought a bystander who overheard the remark, "does she want to get into it or out of it?" The clerk waited until she explained that she wanted something for the young man's love who had just been refused. Then he obligingly retired to the adjoining room, and returning handed her a tiny package, for which she paid him a dollar. As the lady left the store the bystander inquired: "Now, what in the name of Hippocrates himself did you give that girl?"

"Oh, nothing," he answered, "but a little alcohol mixed with some cochineal. If I did not sell her something somebody else would, and I may as well get the dollar as the other man. If I had asked her \$5 she would have paid it just as quickly. That's nothing," he added; "we often have such calls, and even stranger ones."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

About Saying No. We hear a great deal about a man's love of opposition in affairs of the heart. It is true he loves to hear a woman say no, and enjoys compelling her to change it to yes. But he never attempts it unless he sees "yes" hidden back under her eyelids. Look him boldly in the face with "no" in your eyes and on your lips, and he will not bother himself to trouble you with a second negative.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in New York Journal.

NYE CALLS FOR A CLUB.

IN WHICH HE AND OTHER MILLIONAIRES MAY FIND COMFORT.

The Charming Scenery in the Neighborhood of Stockton—Joseph T. Goodman as Sandy Baldwin's Funeral—How Mr. Whisk's Perfidy Was Punished.

[Copyright, 1890, by Edgar W. Nye.] I have before me, at this moment, a letter and circulars from Mr. Charles Rich Johnson, making queer proposals to me regarding a forthcoming work of his. It is a biography of the Millionaire Men and Women, Dead and Living, of America. It will cost \$40,000 to issue the book, but as every millionaire will naturally want a few, and as they will cost \$50 per set, there can be no risk in printing it. Besides, the subscribers are all financially sound. The letter goes on to state that I am on the list and asks my cordial co-operation.

I will be willing to co-operate if it should be the sense of the other millionaires that this step is advisable. I have always said, and say now, that it is high time we millionaires should organize and stand by each other. This is the first step. Let us know who really belong to our set and then form a society with signs, passwords and signals which will protect our lodge against outsiders. A sign of distress would also be almost indispensable. I think there is nothing sadder than to see a millionaire suffering for the comforts of life when there are other millionaires who might help him if they knew about it.

Millionaires, as a rule, are kind and thoughtful toward each other, but they lack organization. Think what we could do if we would unite! We are really the bone and sinew of the country. We are the producers, as I may say. Farmers and such people are consumers. They eat up what we earn. Why do we get up early and work till late all through the frosty days, watering our stock and shearing our lambs? Is it not that the farmer may have bread for eating purposes and clothes to warm his body?



VIEW NEAR STOCKTON. Then why allow all other trades and societies to organize while we look at each other askance? We need a lodge of millionaires in every town. It is for that reason I hail with ill disguised joy the advent of this book, and as soon as I can possibly raise the money will subscribe for it.

Fresno is one of the handsome cities of the Sacramento valley. One rides for many miles along the broad, level sweep of green, with never a bare, save where the purple orchard accents the air, and then again miles of green, trimmed with millions of wild flowers such as California alone can furnish by the township in unending yet blending colors. On the way to Fresno one also discovers a product of the Golden State which he had not heard about before. It is the wind mill. All along down from Sacramento you discover this rank growth. About Stockton the wind mill grows to a great height, and even in the most barren soil. Some have a bright red blossom, whilst others are variegated, and still others are red, white and blue. A field of large, double wind mills in full bloom is a fine sight. I do not know what they are used for unless it be for purposes of irrigation. Now, however, after the intense rains of the winter, it seems almost a mockery for this great army of windmills to stand around with the water up to its knees and its idle hands in its pockets.

Fresno is in the heart of a beautiful grape growing country, but these grapes are not used to promote the interests of the flowing blood. The vine growers here are all engaged in the raising of raisins. Among the horny handed and wealthy toilers here I found Joseph T. Goodman. When the angels were engaged in naming that rare and radiant maiden whom the neighbors called Lenore, they christened Joseph T. Goodman with the name he has so honorably borne for over half a century.

Seeing the evils arising from the cultivation of the grape as a wine producer, yet fully alive to the great advantages to be derived from grape growing generally as a source of food supply, he gave his attention to the cultivation and propagation of the raisin. Selecting the large, fat, early dwarf, maroon pie raisin of commerce, and crossing it with the citron, he soon obtained a hybrid raisin, with seeds in it, which could be hardly distinguished from the royal octopus raisin of Spain. He now produces tons of this beautiful fruit each year at an enormous profit, and each night as he retires he can place his hand on his heart and say: "At least I have never aided in the great and growing but reprehensible industry of filling drunkards' graves."

Mr. Goodman has a history. He ran the Territorial Enterprise in those early days when such young strugglers as Daniel De Quille, the bright young Frenchman, and Samuel L. Clemens, the talented Missourian, worked for him. He was one of the features of those wonderful days on the Comstock which can never come again.

It was my good fortune to see a considerable of him. Not so much as we of our lady friends in society when I fall dress, perhaps, but still I saw him in his working clothes and in his every day manners. In San Francisco they told me about his attendance at the obsequies of Sandy Baldwin. Baldwin and Goodman were fast friends, and when Sandy died Mr. Goodman was asked to act as chief pall bearer. He came down from the mines for that purpose, and had to borrow some clothes of John McCallough. They were very good clothes, but not long enough in the sleeves or the legs for Joseph T. Goodman. The Prince altered coat was plenty long enough in the skirts, but revealed a sweep of forearm and flannel shirt sleeve which came very near giving a tinge of sadness to the funeral. His trousers also

were of the hydrophobia variety, and in order to make friends with the tops of his boots they had sacrificed the valued friendship that had existed between themselves and the waistcoat, as it were. In the midst of all this the master of ceremonies suddenly decided that Mr. Baldwin's pall bearer ought properly to consist of judges and political dignitaries of the state, rather than of his old and tried friends, who might be tarred of tides. This was contrary to the Baldwin style, however, and highly offensive to his friends, especially Mr. Goodman, who had entered and slept with Sandy for many months, and had even taken him out shooting on Saturdays, when collectors were in the habit of breaking in on Baldwin's tranquility of spirit.

So Joseph T. Goodman arose from his seat down stairs when the master of ceremonies said that the procession was now ready to move, and he invaded the room where the casket stood, surrounded by its hangings, double rank of tied pall bearers. In all the grandeur of John McCallough's clothes, with his arms extended grandly beyond the sleeves of the great tragedian's coat, his legs wandering away below the meager longitude of trousers, and his glimmering head protruding nobly above his erstwhile hair, he came with gleaming eye among them, and, ranging himself fearlessly by the coffin of his friend, he wilted the weeping company with the grandeur of his own grief and indignation.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am here to act as the pall bearer of Sandy Baldwin. I shall do it, and those of you who know me know that I will do it. The casket lies for the empty titles which the errors of humanity bestow upon unworthy men. He knew his friends while living. He knows them still. I was his friend. I am nothing more than that now. If he were he would indorse that sentiment."

At that moment Mr. Goodman stooped and, taking hold of the casket, he gently jolted it to test its weight. After he had hefted it he said: "Now gentlemen," and he looked like a Numidian lion whose tail had been shut into the door of the Colosseum by mistake, or a Royal Bengal tiger, whose own private martyr had been ruthlessly jerked away from him by means of a string; "pride, pomp and circumstance can no longer reach Sandy Baldwin in that mysterious country to which he has gone. Empty titles and the false glamour and glitter of hollow honors cannot gladden his dead heart now. Your honorable this and your judge that cannot bring the flash of pride to his pallid clay. "But friendly hands shall be the last to touch his bier. No stranger shall bear my friend away to his grave, for, by —, I will carry him myself."

Then he reached down and put his strong arms about the casket of Sandy Baldwin to shoulder it. But better judgment moved the man who had charge of the services and the original programme was carried out. Lawrence Barrett said it was at once the grandest and the most ludicrous sight he ever saw. There in the midst of mourning, on the most solemn and impressive of occasions, stood a brave and debilitated man, in a Prince Albert coat that tried to be dignified but lacked the necessary scope, and with trousers which shivered at the idea of touching the earth by a foot or so. With flashing eye and distended nostril he defied the entire programme, and threatening to bear away the body of his friend, like a true gladiator, he won his case, and Sandy Baldwin went to his grave surrounded by a little band of plain American citizens, followed by the titled but over-awed pall bearers, whose names were respectfully Messrs. Mull, Dennis and others.

It was beautiful. Had I been Sandy Baldwin at that moment, I should have made a superhuman effort to make a few desultory remarks at the grave. Fresno is also noted lately for having among its citizens a gentleman named Whisk, who has done well for a number of years by attaching the baggage of various theatrical companies. I do not mention this because I have any personal grudge against Mr. Whisk, for I am not a theatrical company, neither did he attach my baggage.



BOUND TO BE A FALL BEARER. On the contrary, he bought a box and treated me well, but others murmur, and I believe, with just cause, inasmuch that the citizens of Fresno, which stretcheth even unto San Francisco and even also to the sound which is to the north thereof. Mr. Whisk married in rather a romantic way, I thought. A Fresno gentleman told me about it. He said that Mr. Whisk was doing well in his attachment industry there, and finally formed another attachment for a very wealthy widow. She feared, however, that she loved her only as a brother, and also as one who had his eye on the bank account wherewith she had been blessed.

So she said to him: "Oh, darling, I fear that my little faith taught thee to love me, and if it were to take wings unto heaven wouldst also do the same." "Nay, Gwendolin," said Mr. Whisk, softly, as he drew her head down upon his shoulder and tickled the lobe of her little, cunning ear with the end of his mustache. "I love not thy dollars, but thee alone. Also elsewhere. If thou doubtest me, give thy wealth to the poor. Give it to the World's fair. Give it to the Central Pacific Railroad. Give it to any one who is suffering." "No," she unto him straightway could make answer; "I could not do that, honey." "Then give it to your daughter," said Mr. Whisk, "if you think I am so low as to love alone your yellow dress." He then drew himself up to his full height. He drew to his arms like a frightened dove that has been hit on the head with a rock. Folding her wrists round arms about his neck, she sobbed with joy and

TOLD AT THE LIARS' CLUB.

The Traditions of That Honorable Association.

The Liars' club had assembled at the usual place, a small room in Lyric hall, chosen for reasons as obvious that explanation is not necessary. The gas stove had been touched off, the cigars lighted, and the door locked to keep out any vagrant consciences averse that might come poking around to disturb any member of the club.



The medal, the reward of him who should tell the biggest whopper, to be worn until the preceding biggest whopper had been outshopped, reposed upon the breast of the colonel, where it had glittered for the unprecedentedly long period of six months. It was a handsome medal, made of gold, eighteen karats fine, bearing upon the one side an idealized head in profile of Amalthea, and on its reverse this exalted sentiment: "Mendacity is the daughter of invention."

The colonel was proud of his prowess in the science to which the club was devoted. From his early youth he had regarded a good lie as rather to be chosen than great riches. This evening the colonel pulled upon his cigar with an air of supreme self satisfaction. He had just finished telling the most magnificent lie of his life, which was, in brief, that he had once told the truth. It was a short lie, but he felt satisfied with it. Nevertheless, symptoms of disappointment were manifested by his fellow members. They looked a good deal as the colonel did, but they had, one and all, a notion that a lie told at the expense of one's self respect should not be told.

"That may do, colonel," put in the major, "among ordinary liars, but with us it doesn't go. We all admit that it hasn't a grain of truth in it, but you weaken your position among men of our standing when you tell a lie of that sort. Any man who will admit that he once told the truth violates one of the first principles of our association. However, I, for one, don't believe in rubbing it in. You've held on to the medal for six months most nobly, and in view of your past record for pure, unadorned fabrication, it is my sentiment that the club should overlook this evening's faux pas. The man who attempts to hold that little badge of honor which you wear far more than six months has bitten off more than he can chew—like the bull I heard of last week that swallowed a watch when he was a calf."



"What bull was it?" said the colonel. "Why, my butcher was telling me about it. His father once owned a little red bull calf that swallowed the hired man's vest, with his watch and silver dollar in it—it was ten years ago. Last week the bull was killed, and its entrails him up they found the money and watch in the vest pocket intact."

"A fair story that, but nothing wildly improbable about it," said the colonel. "If the bull had swallowed the money at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and had been found with a dollar and sixty cents in his stomach at the end of ten years, we might think something of it."

"Well," said the major, passing lightly over this astonishing criticism, "that's all right, but there was one thing remarkable about the watch. It was going, and hadn't lost a second's time in ten years."

"Going? The watch was going?" cried the colonel, his face growing pale with excitement. "Yes, sir; going," replied the major. "It was a stem winder, and the wheel had got caught between the mainspring, so that every time he breathed he would the watch up."

"Here, major," put in the colonel, "take the medal and give the your butcher's address."

The major bowed. Taking the medal he pinned it upon his breast with a sweet smile. "Thunderation!" cried the major, suddenly. "What is the matter?" queried the colonel.

"Are you sick?" put in another. "Bring some brandy," cried a third. "The major is going to faint!"

"No, I'm not," said the major, with a gasp. "But, boys, look at the medal!" The "boys" looked, and lo, Amalthea's face had turned green.—New York Evening Sun.

Widower? Tidy Housekeeper—Leaving things done! Hired Girl—Yes, mum. Tidy Housekeeper—Back parlor swept! Hired Girl—Yes, mum. Tidy Housekeeper—Kitchen scrubbed! Hired Girl—Yes, mum. Tidy Housekeeper—Woodshed stacked up!

Sp! Hired Girl (sneering)—Yes, mum. Tidy Housekeeper—Go, clean the dirt. —Van Dora's Magazine.

Female Compliment. Mrs. Nooney—How does our new opera cloak sit upon you, Dan? Mr. Nooney—It's that rich an' elegant, darlin', 'th' actors 'll think they're 't' surprise plain they'll eyes at it.—Judge.

Pa Gets Satisfaction. "What do you want?" "Your daughter's hand." "Can't do it. Take her as a whole or leave her. We don't do an installment business here."—Buckley.

A Business Proposition. Gamin—Gamin—Gamin, look, an' you gits der billion for five minutes.—Judge. —Buckley.

Smart Fop—You say there is hair on all parts of the human body. Now, is there any on the head? Professor—Yes, a kind of down. You must have seen people who were down-hearted.—New York Herald.

Yes—Gladly. She is—That's a delightful thing in being so wealthy? I have no long wished to leave you. He (raising his glass)—In a couple of seconds I will be at your feet.—La Lona.